

In the Family

by Filly

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Summary: Filly ingles a modern day student at the most exclusive manhattan school. Has an outer body experience of the Newsies kind.

In the Family

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>Chapter 1

> Phyllis Ingles, nicknamed Filly by both friends and foe's, walked down the hallway of Piatza School of Dramatic Arts. She walked to her locker and opened it, putting her books neatly on the shelves She then pulled out the books she would need for her homework that night. Two hands suddenly snaked around her waist and pulled her against a hard chest easily.

> Filly turned around slowly smiling and wrapping her arms around, Oscar Murdoch. "We can't talk long, my boyfriend will be here any time now," Filly joked easily.

> Oscar glared at Filly and asked in his raised voice, " What the hell do You mean your boyfriend is coming? You have another boyfriend?"

> Filly sighed sometimes Oscar was somewhat over jealous. "No my humourless boyfriend, I don't have another boyfriend it's what many normal people call a joke. How was practice today Oscar?" Filly asked, turning around to close her locker she grabbed Oscars hand and listened to his story about Football practice as the were tossed to and fro between students rushing out of the school.

> "I have a full day of drama class on monday so I probably won't be around at lunch period." Filly explained smiling at the thought of a day full of drama. She was a gifted Drama student, everyone at the school was but her teachers told her often that she was indeed gifted and expected to make a big name for herself.

> "You spend more time with your Drama class then You do with me." Oscar sulked moodily.

> "You spend more time with some pig skin then with me." Filly added slightly, offended by her boyfriends jealous nature.

> "You know that I need to keep up my Football practice, it's going to be my future career."

> Filly gasped in shock, "what about my future career? I have to keep up with my acting."

> Oscar laughed slightly, "ohh sweetie You know that isn't going to really happen." Oscar said confidently, "We are gonna get married when my football career gets going. Of course my wife won't be working, You'll stay at home with the children. Even if You do work it won't be in something as....well....as....well it won't be in acting. Maybe a school teacher that is very respectable." Oscar said as if it was a set plan.

> Filly stopped in her place on the main street of Manhattan, and gawked at Oscar, "well thanks for filling me in by the actual wedding maybe i'll have time to get a dress before the big day." Filly quipped sarcastically.

> "Ohhh Filly don't be like that I was going to ask you, but only when I had my career sorted out. by then you would have saved enough money for it anyway right darling." Oscar said soothingly.

> "Oscar you aren't serious? Really?" Filly asked shocked.

> "Of course I am. My mother loves you and my father as well. Even my sister puts up with you. It was destined to be."

> "Ohh I see, well Mr Murdoch, could you tell u're sister something for me? Tell her I said that she won't have to put up with me as of right now. We're over Oscar." Filly thundered quietly, trying to keep a rein on her volatile temper.

> Filly spun on her heel's and stormed off back towards the school. As she walked quickly down the street she ran into her best friend Natalie Conlon. "Hey Filly where is the fire?" Natalie smirked.

> "Not a fire Nat a big old jerk. In the shape of my ex-boyfriend." Filly muttered angrily.

> "Peter? but I thought you 2 still got along well?" Nat asked confused.

> "Ohh no not Peter my latest ex-boyfriend Oscar Murdoch."

> "What? What happened? Tell me all about it Filly." Nat asked grabbing her best friend's arm. "Look why not come home on the train with me tonight. You can tell me about it on the way k?" Filly nodded.

> That was one of the reasons Nat and Filly were best friends they had grown up down the street from each other, and they were about the only 2 students in all of Piatza that came from Brooklyn.

> Filly and Nat walked to the train station and hopped the train to Brooklyn. Once seated Filly spilled out the whole story about Oscar and not only what had happened that day. But all the other times he had acted like a snob and a chauvinistic pig.

> "Ohhh I had no idea Filly, I always thought that he was as near perfect as they came. Man it sounds like he was a real pain." Nat sympathized.

> Filly nodded still mad, "Yeah I can't believe that he had my whole life planned out for me, including working as a teacher! Can you believe that!" Filly fumed.

> "Don't worry Fil you're well rid of him. He was too good-looking anyway. Always looking in the mirror checking his reflection, arghhhh yuck."

> "Well at least I'll have the weekend and of course an all day drama lesson to get over him with, so that'll give me a break," Filly sighed in relief.

> "Ohhhh yeah Fil, my cousin is starting out at Piatza Monday. He is in the all day drama class as well, and he isn't looking forward to it. He said and I quote, 'I get a whole day of snobs and bimbo's prining themselves in front of me.' He isn't all that into the snobs that seem to occupy our wonderful school. So I was wondering would

you mind showing him around. I mean, he is from Brooklyn as well so having another Brooklynite might make him feel better," Nat smirked.

> Filly didn't really feel like, being tour guide to another Conlon. When she had first meet Natalie she wasn't what Filly called the friendlyist person she had meet. But when they had got used to each other they had become great friends, particularly since they had to spend a lot of time together for various functions, because they were both from Brooklyn.

> If Nat's cousin was half as bad as Nat then she knew that she as going to be in a bad way by the end of the day, but then again Natalie was her best friend and they both knew what it was like being the outsiders in the preppy Manhatten private school.

> "Sure Nat I'll show your cous' around. does your Cousin have a name by any chance?" Filly asked feeling herself being cheered up by Natalie's infectious humour.

> "Well You know he does, it's Jack. Jack Conlon."

> "Ohhh well that sounds plain and not so troublesome. But that would be a first, a Conlon that wasn't trouble." Filly teased Nat easily. Filly knew that either Nat or one of her 3 brothers were always in trouble of some sort. It seemed to follow them around like a bad smell.

> "Hey that house fire wasn't my fault it was the mechanic that started it." Nat defended herself.

> "Yeah but Nat, the mechanic was YOUR father. That makes him a Conlon." Filly pointed out as the got off the train and started walking up their street to their houses.

> "Well if you wanna get technically then it was a Conlon." Nat grinned and stopped in front of her large, two storey home. Just then Nat's youngest brother, came charging out of the house and grabbed her around the waist.

> "I didn't do it Nat. Kenny, was chasing me and I accidently hit the water pipe, it accidently started spraying water around honest Nat." Natalie groaned and Filly smirked,

> "Hey mushroom. How are you? Well Nat I'll leave you to your water pipe. I won't go to school with you on Monday, I have to get there early." Filly rolled her eye's and her friend pretended to glare at her.

> "Yeah that would be right pike out on me when I need you the most." Natalie sighed and headed inside to fix the water problem.

> "Hey Nat you mind if I take Mush home for little while?" Filly asked knowingly that she was helping her friend by takening her 9 year old brother away from the mess inside, Nat and her 2 older brothers would handle it better without Patrick, nicknamed, Mushroom, because of the growth spurt that he had undergone 3 years eariler.

> Mushroom looked pleadingly at his older sister. "please Natty, please? Nat smiled and nodded, hearing a yell from inside and running into the house quickly.

> Filly smiled at her best friend's sweet little brother and started walking towards her house with Mushroom. "So Mush how was school today?"

> Mush grinned and started rattling off everything that had happened to him. Filly smiled and listened to him as they walked up the path to her, Victorian manor style house.

> Chapter 2

> The door was open so that meant that Filly's mother was home. Both the 16 year old and the 9 year old walked into the house and Filly called out to her mother. "Hey ma I'm home and I've got a guest." Filly smiled at Mushroom and led him into the kitchen where her

mother had yelled from.

> Her mother stood at the entrance to the kitchen blocking out everything in the kitchen as she smiled down at Mushroom. Since the girl's friendship the Conlon's and Ingles had become really close almost like a extended family. The boy's and Nat were always over at Filly's home and she at their's.

> Although the older 2 boys didn't come over all the much any more, because Bingles, formally known as Benjamin Ingles, Filly's older brother was off at College. Mrs Ingles smiled and hugged, the little boy.

> Filly suddenly sniffed the air once or twice and smelt a pork roast. Filly looked at her mother wildly. "Is.....Is...Is it really him?" Filly stuttered out. Mrs Ingles smiled and moved aside to hear a deep masculine voice say laughingly, "Why don't you ask me yourself?"

> Filly squealed as she ran into the open arms of her large blond brother. "Bingles your home I missed you sooooo much. Ohhh ohhh ohhh, we're going to have to invite the rest of the Conlon's over." Filly said excitedly.

> "Well why not, we have enough food, even for the Conlon's." Mrs Ingles smiled slightly, and added, "I'll call and see if Frank and Jessica and see if they can make it. You can handle Nat, Tom, and Ken, can't You Mushroom?" Mrs Ingles asked.

> Mushroom frowned, "I don't know they are still cleaning up the wa...." Filly quickly covered Mushroom's mouth and smiled at her mother, "Sure all 3 of us will go down and get them." Filly grabbed her coat and the other 2 boys did the same then the started down to the Conlon's home, ending up at the front door equally after Bingles had challenged them all to a race.

> The next few hours was spent in a water fight at the Conlon's, before they finally cleaned up the spilt water. The Conlon's all changed and walked up to the Ingles, there Filly and Bingles changed and they sat down to dinner.

> The dinner mostly invovled the parent's asking about Bingles life in college, the Conlon boy's teasing Bingles about College life, and nat drolling over Bingles who happened to be in college, to Filly.

> Filly had known for around a year now that Nat had a big thing for Bingles, and from the amount Bingles wrote about her in his letter home, she was fairly sure that he too liked Nat.

> The Conlon's left at around 9 o'clock that night to pick up Jack before Monday, apparently he was flying in from Detroit to stay with the Conlon's. Nat said that he had been excepted to Piatza then his mother got a transfer to Detroit so he moved up there in was going to stay with Nat and her family.

> After the Conlon's left Filly and Bingles caught up on everything before Filly decided to call it a night at 10:30. As Filly was ready to jump into bed, Bingles came in and told her, "Ohhh yeah Mum told me to tell You that some bozo named Oscar called like 12 times today. He said something about you breaking up with him being a big mistake. What's all that about, hey, poppet?" Bingles asked leaning against the door jamb.

> "Ohhh Oscar was being a chavunist pig, he actually had MY whole life planned out to fit into his life plans. He has been like that for a while now so finally I had enough of that and broke it off," Filly said, feeling better for telling her brother.

> "Well this guy seemed pretty insistant." Bingles sighed and grinned at his little sister, "Look's like there is gonna be another victim of hurricane Phyllis, Emmery, Elizabeth, Victoria, Abigail, Ingles, hmmm?" Bingles asked and got a pillow thrown at him.

> "Shut up Benjamin Francis Ingles. You know I hate that ...well those names, the name is Filly and I'll stick with that k? He won't be heartbroken he is to vain, just like Nat said" Filly smirked at Nat's comments.

> Bingles suddenly looked uncomfortable, "Hey Fil, You don't mind.....if.....if...I asked Nat out do you? I've had aa.. thing for her for a while."

> Filly sat up in bed and smiled, "like that wasn't half obvious. 'Course I don't mind if you ask her out. I think you would make a great couple."

> Bingles looked up his face brightening, "So you....you...think that she'll say yes?"

> Filly nodded, "She better cause I ain't going to listen to her drooling all over you any more." Filly smiled and said goodnight to her brother how went straight to the phone to call Nat who was never in bed before 12 at night ever, and ask her out.

> Filly tossed and turned for a good half an hour, she heard, Bingles ask out Nat through the wall. She guessed she said yes by the way her brother started making plans to spend his every waking minute with him.

> Filly sighed slightly, it looked like she would be spending, the weekend by herself. Maybe it was better anyway, Nat's continuous humor may get on her nerves. She could probably do her, math assignment, get it out of the way, it was due in a month so it may help to get it done tomorrow.

> Finally Filly feel asleep, and had one of the strangest dream that she had ever had.

>Chapter 3

> Filly found herself in Manhattten, the city square. But everything was different. The buildings were dirtier, and people were wearing extremelly outdated clothes and there were horse's, carriage it seemed to have come straight out of the pages of her history book.

> Filly looked up at the sky, it was still the same as always. Yet everything in the city had changed, even her beloved drama school wasn't there any more. Filly spun around and suddenly, she was run into by a tall boy.

> Filly looked up and saw a boy in typically garb of the working class of the early 1900's.

> "'ey watch were yer going," a tall boy with large brown eye's, brown hair. and a crutch under one arm said.

> "Ohhh I'm sorry...I...Ii...just have no idea where I am. I mean I know I'm in Manhattten but, I'm so lost." Filly said suddenly feeling the urge to cry.

> The boy looked at her, looking her up and down, in her hipster black boot leg jean's and her tight top. The girl was strangely dressed, but very pretty. He sighed and moved his papes from one side of his body to the other.

> "Now don't go getting upset, stick wit' me and I'll help yer find wherever yer wanna go. If I dirn't d'en me friend Jack Kelly will 'elp ya.I'm Crutchy, and You are?" Crutchy asked.

> " I'm...I'm Filly. formally known as Phyllis, Emmery Elizabeth, Victoria, Abigail, Ingles."

> Crutchy raised am eyebrow and smirked, "Well I see why yer called Filly. Come on I'll introduce yer to de udder newsies."

> Newsies? Filly had heard of them, they were the children of New York that sold Newspapers through the town. She had a vauge recollection about a strike but that's about all. She didn't even know if they had won or lost.

> Filly grinned slightly, she would just follow along until, she

figured out what was going on in this crazy world.

>Chapter 4

> When Filly awoke the next morning she was sure that she was going to find that it had all been a dream, but she looked around and saw a sparsely decorated room, with many bunks and very little else.

> She sat up and noticed a couple of other girls wandering around and grumbling sleepily. Suddenly a crop of flaming red hair appeared in front of her face. Filly clutched her hands into tight little balls ready to use her Tae Kwon-do training on the girl until she realized that she was the head girl that Crutchy and his friend Jack had introduced her to.

> Crutchy had told her that he lived down the road in the news boy's lodging house, but they would probably meet up this morning. Crutchy, who Filly had found to be a boy after her own heart, had said that until he met her again, Flame would show her around.

> "Get up d'er goil, it's time ter start selling de papes. We gotta Carry de banner." Filly looked at the girl and realized she really couldn't go out dressed as she had been yesterday she had caught many strange looks from people as she had walked by.

> "I...umm...don't have any clothes to wear." Filly mumbled self consciously. Flame nodded and ducked down to arise moments later with a outfit closely resemblaning hers.

> "You like about me size, so you can have me spare, britches and shirt. You gotta hurry d'o the Office will be opening soon, and we gotta get our papes." Flame said jumping down to go and wash her face.

> Filly looked at the clothes, slowly. They were very poor fabric and the patterns and colours were outrageous. But beggars couldn't be choosers so she put the clothes on gingerly and hopped out of bed. She looked around for Flame who was chatting with a few of her friends, Filly walked over to Flame and asked her shyly, "Umm do You have a brush I could borrow," Filly said pulling her long brown hair over her shoulder.

> "Soire You can go and get it, over 'der." Filly smiled her thanks and walked over to grab the brush and run it gently through her hair. When her long auburn hair was in a perfect fall down her back to around her waist, she put the brush up and went over to Flame.

> "Alright I'm ready when you are." Flame smiled and nodded chucking a friendly arm over Filly's shoulders and leading her out of the house. " 'eh what's d'at accent d'er? It sounds like a Brooklyn one."

> "That's because it is. I was born and raised in Brooklyn."

> Flame stopped and looked at Filly surprised, "So d'en what you doing 'ere? You have ter talk ter Spot." Flame smiled slightly at the mention of the name.

> "Who?" Filly asked completely lost. Flame's mouth hung open, "Spot Conlon, the leader of the Brooklyn Newsies? You must have heard of him?"

> "Conlon? Conlon? Nat's name is Conlon. I wonder if they're related?" Filly said more to herself.

> "Who is Nat Conlon? I ain't 'eard of no Nat Conlon. Who is 'im?" Flame asked the strange girl in confusion.

> "Ohhh she is my best friend...Ohhh...Ahh you don't know her she is ahhhh.....ummm moved away. So tell me more about this Spot Conlon." Filly said more for something to say than anything else.

> "You really don't know who he is?" Flame asked in shock. "Well ahhh we'll have ter introduce yer later rite now we gotta get to d'e circulation office." Flame said pulling Filly after her.

> Flame and Filly broke into the city center in time to see Jack Kelly yelling something to an assembly of Newsies. Filly walked over to Crutchy and Flame dashed off to her own place.
 Filly looked at Crutchy then Jack and then back at Crutchy, "Crutchy what's happening?" Filly asked nervously. Crutchy smiled easily, "De Newsies of Manhattan are going on Strike." "Ohhhhh" Filly frowned slightly. What all this mean?

>
 "Why are you.....I mean we going on strike?" Filly asked curious to find out more. "Cause d'ey jacked up de price of Papes, another 10th of a cent. So Jack and de rest of us are goin' on strike." Crutchy explained very self satisfied.

>
 "Ohhhh I see." Filly said. One tenth of a cent as a jack up for papers where she came from was a party. But Filly wasn't doey enough to think that it was the same as here. At this time she was in, no matter how she got there, one tenth of a cent was a amazing amount of money.

>
 Filly looked up at Jack who said something about soaking Newsies that didn't go on strike and Filly frowned, 'what the hell did soaking someone mean?' then a curly brownhaired boy standing below Jack's elevated position on the manhattan centre statue said, "No we can't beat kids up in the street."

>
 It was then that Filly realized what they meant by soaking some one. As the rally, for that was what it was, progressed Filly was loaded with information about the Newsies life and problems, by information that the other Newsies took for granted.

>
 Finally after Jack and the rest of the Newsies had done a lot of yelling and jumping around the finally assembled at the door of Pulitzer's office, and started to assign ambassador's to go to each of the other New York, area's.

>
 Suddenly Flame grabbed her arm and pulled her aside, "'Ey Filly when Jack calls out ter go ter Brooklyn You and me will volunteer right?" Filly just nodded, and went with the flow.

>
 When Filly and Flame looked up Jack was just heading into the office of Pulitzer with a little boy of about 7 with him. Flame frowned and walked up to the curly haired boy. "Davy what's goin' on. Who's gonna go ter Brooklyn, ter see Spot Conlon?"

>
 Davy replied, "well that'd be me Jack and Boots." Filly tried to place who boot's was, when a man came up to Davy and Flame told Davy, "Well Filly and me 'ere will go wit yer. Filly's orginally from Brooklyn." Then again Flame again pulled Filly off towards a diner.

>
 " dey are gonna meet us 'ere when Jack finishes wit Pulitzer." Flame babbled on about the injustice of the price rise. Then Jack, Davy, the little boy who she had found out was called Les and the unknown man as well.

>
 Filly and Flame found out that the man was a Denton, Mr Denton, from the New york sun. He wanted to report what was happening with the strike. Then with all that settled the 5 of them, because Les wasn't going, all headed off to Brooklyn.

>
 As the 5 of them went down the pier, in order of Jack, Flame, Boots, Davy and Filly, a large Brooklynite stood in front of the little possie and asked Jack intimidatngly, "going somewhere Kelly?"

>
 Jack simply glared at him and walked on. Filly was at the very back of the line so when a voice boomed, "Well if it isn't Jack be nimble Jack be quick," Filly didn't take any notice, that was until she saw Jack spit shake with a boy with the coldest blue-green gaze that she had ever experienced.

>
 Filly walked closer to Flame and asked her, "who's that?" She asked of the boy who was now talking to Boots.Flame looked at Filly

like she had just said the world was flat, "D'at's Spot, Spot Conlon." Filly looked at him, there was something about him that drew her to him.

>
 Spot then turned his attention to one of the 2 girls. To Filly's strange disappointment, it was the red head. "Ehhhhh Flame 'oh it going?" Flame smirked and nodded, "Great Spot, ohhh by de way dis is Filly, You should know 'er she is from Brooklyn."

>
 The dusty brown haired boy looked Filly up and down, insultingly, "Nah I don't know 'er I t'ink she pulling yer chain. She jest want's ter be known as someone 'wo know's Spot Conlon," Filly looked at Spot slightly surprised by the arrogance shown by the boy.

>
 "Ermmm no I don't." Filly said majestically. Spot looked at Filly like she had said something outrageous, "Well yer certainly not frem around 'ere. I'd know yer if You were. 'Eh Jackey-boy I been hearing ting's from little bird, d'e been chirping in my ear, telling me d'at Jackey-boy's Newsies are playing like d'er on strike." Filly gasped at the way that the boy just dismissed her..

>
 "Yeah well we are." Jack said and then Filly butted in, "Hey mister-I'm-so-great Conlon, Just cause you ain't seen me don't mean I ain't from brooklyn actually I'm born and breed here so.....so....shove it." Filly said and Davy confronted Spot also, "We ain't playing we are going on strike."

>
 Spot looked at Filly and was going to reply to the strange comment's that she had made but then his gaze settled on Davy, "Yeah? Yeah? What is this Jackey-boy a walking mouth?"

>
 "Yeah it's a mouth. A mouth with a brain and if you got half a one you'll listen to what he's got to say." Jack said slapping Davy on the back friendly. Spot looked at Davy and then sat back on the crate and looked at Davy showing that he was willing to listen to him.

>
 It was then that Davy started talking about how great Spot was. Filly took that chance to look at Spot and grinned wickedly at the thought's that ran through her head. He certainly was the key, Filly giggled and looked at Flame conspirationally.

>
 "Your right Jack Brains. But I got brains to, and more then just half a one. How do I know that you punks ain't going run when someone comes at ya with a club. How do I know you got what it takes to win?" Spot asked.

>
 "Cause I'm telling you Spot." Jack said with quite authority.

>
 "That ain't good enough Jackey-Boy you gotta show me."

>
Chapter 5

>
 Filly stood outside the gate watching as Scabber's as they were called, attacked a small group of newsies. Filly and Flame were at the gate's trying to get in and help Jack and the others. Yesterday they had stopped Weasel and the rest of the scabbers selling Papes.

>
 Today they were doing the same thing but this time the scabbers were prepared and they came out with chain's and clubs. Filly knew that they could take them if all the Newsies were in there but they had closed the gates before they could get in. Filly and Flame climbed up the gate trying to get in.

>
 Suddenly they were grabbed along with many others doing the same thing, by the police and then forced back away from the gate. Filly saw Brain Denton and walked closer to him, "Mr Denton what are they doing, we have to get in there." Filly called out over the noise to the newspaper man.

>
 Denton nodded and shouted back, "Yes Filly I know but how?"

Suddenly there was a cheer from inside the gates and Filly got to the gates in time to see, Spot swing down to the ground and attack some scabbers.

>
 Filly was filled with an elated sense of joy beyond anything she had experienced ever before. She finally felt like she was doing something worth while. Spot threw open the gates and the Newsies started rushing in.

>
 Filly smiled as a scabber came to attack her she did a quick mid section block and then grabbed his wrist twisting it backwards and kicking him where it did the most damage. Another charged at her from in front, Filly placed a front snap kick straight into her opponents stomach doubling him over.

>
 Filly didn't see it but another scabber came at her from behind Filly spun around just in time to see the club come down on her forehead. Filly fell to the ground dizzy and half unconcious. She looked up to see Spot Conlon attacking her attacker and grimaced at the pain it caused to move only her eye's.

>
 Next thing she knew the Scabbers where getting driving back, they were retreating. Spot knelt down beside her, "eh horsey You alright?" he asked. Filly even though see was in a lot of pain still managed to scowl and said, "It's Filly not Horsey." Spot looked at her then smiled slightly, "Yeah Filly. Alright let's get you outta here."

>
 Two large Brooklynite suddenly came around on either side of her then ducked under each arm and lifted her up and carried her out of the circulation office area. The 2 boys introduced themselves easily, "Ise is Pyro, and Ise Knuckles." Filly glanced at them both slightly dazed and asked, "Pyro, as in fire crazy and Knuckles as in..... a fighter?" Filly asked. Pyro nodded.

>
 Knuckles shook his head, "Nah after de game." Filly frowned, "Knuckles the game, wow." Filly laughed and the 2 newsies put her down on a chair in the diner, which was where all the Newsies had migrated in there jubulation.

>
 'Core that was a head spin." Filly giggled slightly. Flame came right up to her and asked her worriedly, "'ere are you alright? What happened?" Filly smiled slightly, "Yeah I'm fine, I just got hit on the head, but Spot saved me. I love Spot." Filly muttered jokingly, realizing that it was true. 'oh great that's just what I need' Filly groaned.

>
 She looked up to see Flame with a stricken look on her face, "yer do?" she asked. Filly looked at her without picking up on what was obvious to everyone else, "Yeah crazy isn't it?" Flame shook her head speechlessly, "Naw You....You....You and Spot would be great together." Flame gulped slowly.

>
 Suddenly Filly knew that Flame was in love with him as well. "ohh no Flame I didn't....." Filly had a powerful head spin and stopped speaking, so again she tried to say what she meant, "ohhhh Flame I didn't know," then everything went black and Filly remembered nothing.

>
Chapter 6

>
 Filly woke up to see, Racetracks worried face looking at her. Filly smiled at him. "What's the matter Race? Some one die?" Racetracks face lit with relieve, "Naw I just thought you might 'ave."

>
 Filly frowned slightly, "Why.....why would you think that?" Racetrack grinned slightly, "you've been in and out of conciousness for 3 days Fil." Filly gasped, "No way...I mean you gotta be joking right?" Racetrack shook his head.

>
 "What about the strike what's happening did we win?" Racetrack grimaced slightly, "Naw it's still going on we had a liddle trouble

wit de bulls last night. We all gots failed up in front of de judge dis mornin'. We had ter serve 2 weeks in der refuge or pay 5 bucks. Denton payed the fines. But snyder got a hold a Jack so we're gonna break 'im out to night. Ohhh and, Denton ain't wit' us no more"

Racetrack explained morosely

>
 "Denton got a doctor in fer yer and he said you should rest fer like a week when yer wake up. Racetracks told her firmly.

>
 Filly grimaced, "well I'll make a comprimise I'll stay in bed 'til tommorrow, I mean the quack's no nothing I'll be fine once I rest for like a day." Race frowned slightly.

>
 Suddenly Kid Blink popped his head into the room and whispered quitely, "Hey Race we gotta move it, ohhhh yer awake Filly, good ter see, but Race we really gotta get de lead out of our pants." Kid smirked and Race grinned back.

>
 "Alright Filly I'll be off I'll see later tonight or tommorrow morning. " Filly nodded curious as to what the boys were planning.

>
 Filly looked over at Flame she felt horrible about the whole Spot thing. Filly wasn't sure wheather or not she would talk to her. Filly finally bit the bullet and called out to her. "ahhhhhh hey Flame," Filly said finally.

>
 Flame couldn't look Filly in the eye. "Hello Filly. Are You alright? Every one was worried 'bout ya when yer just dropped off like d'at." Flame said nervously. Filly couldn't stand it so she said straight out, "Look Flame I'm sorry about Spot I didn't know he was yours." Filly said forgetting that the lingo of this place was different from her home.

>
 "He ain't mine, He is his I t'ink." Flame said looking confused. "Ohhhhh no no I didn't mean that I meant that ummm.... I didn't know that you liked him." Flame looked at Filly scrutinizingly, "Ohhh no how could you? Ise was trying to hide it from everyone, besides Spot likes yer better, 'e don't notice me much." Flame grimaced and smiled at the same time.

>
 Filly looked at Flame in shock, "No way, No how your crazy girlfriend. I'm a total ditz, and You are wicked cool." Filly gushed surprised by Flame's words. Flame rose any eyebrow and looked at Filly like she wanted to send her to the looney bin.

>
 Filly grimaced, "I mean that your great and he would be silly not to like you." Flame looked disbelievingly at Filly. "Look," Filly said with a sigh, "why don't we just ask him and see. Or get someone else to ask maybe?" Filly said.

>
 Flame gasped really shocked this time, "What? Yer mean jest ask 'im outright?" Filly nodded, sighing slightly at the lack of woman's liberation in this time. "Yeah that's what I mean. Don't worry about it I'll do it. No sweat." Filly smiled she just had to find him first.

>
 Filly then looked down at her painted fingernails, belatedly realizing that unlike the other girls she had bright purple nail polish with glitter thru it. Filly felt extremely uncomfortable and was sure that Flame did too.

>
 As Filly sat there rubbing her nail polish off nervously and Flame sat admiring her feet. Spot sauntered into the room, with his sandy brown hair swishing beatifully around his handsome face and sharp blue eye's.

>
 "'ello der goils. Where is der boy's? I came ter see Race and blink but d'ey ain't 'ere. Oh good ter see yer awake." Spot said smiling slightly at her, managing to melt her heart in the process.

>
 Filly looked at Flame breathing deeply before trying to work up the courage to ask him who he liked. "Just good, I'm insulted

mortally by that remark Spot Conlon. Ahhh flame could....you
ahhh....ummm...give us a few minutes?" Filly said flirtingly at Spot
before she could realize what she was saying.

>
 Spot smiled again sending her heart fluttering and a instant
smile to her lips. She looked over to Flame again who cleared her
throat obviously before walking out of the door closing it quietly.
Filly sobered quickly, and asked "Ummm Spot can I ask you a personal
question?"

>
 "yeah alright then, but nuttin about me family" Spot said
gruffily lighting a ciggarette and sitting on the chair that Race and
then Flame had just vacated.

>
 "Well umm could.....would.....do you want to go out
with me?" Filly coughed the last few words out uncomfortably.

>
 Spot looked slightly ataken back by the question but recovered
easily by smiling flirtingly at Filly and saying in his naturally
sexy voice, "Well Well Well, the first time I 'eard yer squaking
'bout me not knowing somet'ing or udder, now your wanna be me
girlfriend. I gotta be somet'ing good."

>
 Filly could feel a deep crimson blush working it's way up her
cheek. "Hey I didn't wanna like you It just kinda happened, with you
being so sweet and stopping me getting beating up and all."

>
 Spot frowned slightly at the use of the word sweet as a
descriptive word for himself.

>
 "I 'ave been t'inking that you are real pretty, strange as d'ey
come but pretty, and I like yer. Maybe more d'en a friend I dern't
know." Spot turned away from her then.

>
 Filly felt ready to cry, she could tell a rejection when it
came about. Suddenly Spot stubbed out his smoke and spun around
grabbing her shoulders and crushing his lips down on her own startled
lips, yet the kiss was gentle and extremely weakening.

>
 When Spot pulled away he smirked self-satisied, and Filly felt
exhilaratingly happy, and giddy. Then the thought of Flame came into
her head, what was she going to do about Flame?

>
 "I don't know horsey, I'll tell you tomorrow," then he left
looking like, James Dean. Flame rushed into the room looking
excitedly at Filly, "What did 'e say? What did 'e say?"

>
 Filly frowned knowing that it would be impossible to work this
without getting some one hurt. Filly took a deep breath she would
have to do this gently she didn't want her to injury herself
permantly, "He he said that he wouldn't go out with me, because, well
because he liked you. He wanted you for a girlfriend but he wouldn't
tell you because, he thought of you as family and thought you felt
like that to."

>
 Flames smiled euthorically, "T'anks Filly, d'is is just what a
wanted."

>
Chapter 7

>
 Race, Filly, Jack, Flame, Skittery, Mush, Davy, Les, Boots, Kid
Blink, Bumlets, Snipeshooter, Dutchy, Specs and some other newsies
were waiting around the statue, hoping against hope that more people
would attend. That this would be the day that the strike ended.

>
 Suddenly Filly and Flame saw a huge amount of children racing
down the street, Filly and Flame looked at each other and smiled
slowly. Then they grabbed each other by the shoulder and jumped up
and down shouting loudly, "Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike!"

>
 Filly smiled as Jack and Davey went in to talk to Pulitzer.
Filly turned to look at Flame and Spot the were looking at each other
smiling secretively, they were in love and Filly could see it.

>
 She walked slowly towards the back of the crowd, she turned

back to look at Flame and Spot smiling softly. Before she could stop herself though she ran into a lamp post and fell unconscious on the hard cobble stones.

>
Chapter 8

>
 Filly walked onto the stage, in drama class. It was monday and her all day class was on today. As since her dream, which she realized it was, had happened she had been kinda mopey. She missed Spot.

>
 She was a complete nut she knew it. She was in love with a dream boy. A dream boy that loved someone else. Filly pushed her heavy hair out of her face and her group got ready to perform their short piece.

>
 There was a knock on the door and Mrs Mahan, their eccentric Drama teacher stopped them while she went to answer the door. Filly turned around her back to the audience.

>
 Mrs Mahan walked quietly back to sit down, a new person following her grudgingly. Filly though didn't hear her and when she told her to continue, Filly jumped in fright and spun on her ankle twisting it before, wobbling on the edge for seconds before falling backwards off the stage.

>
 Filly closed her eye's and braced herself for the inevitable crack and the pain that would shot up her body but instead all she felt was to strong arms one just under her shoulder blades, the other behind her knee caps.

>
 Filly looked up into a pair of cold blue/green eyes. She stared speechless as he flicked his blondy brown her out of his eye's and grinned slightly, "Easy there girl." His deep voice sent shivers down her spine.

>
 "Spot!" She gasped in shock. She couldn't believe it was him. She must be unconicous not to mention delusional. Her dream boy was standing there with her in his arms he had a typically look on his face, shuttered and confused.

>
 "Yeah that's me name. How did you know? Ohhh your Nat's friend right? Filly? Is that it?" Filly shook her head wordlessly. "Well it's nice that we fell into each other." Spot grinned a gorgeous grin.

>
 It all became clear, This was Jack Conlon, his nickname must be Spot or something. Filly started to smile slowly. This may not be such a bad day after all. Mrs Mahan came up to check to make sure Filly was alright.

>
 10 minutes later Spot was carrying Filly to the nurses office under her directions and they were laughing and joking, "So what do you do for your next trick?" Spot grinned, and Filly charged with a strange abaddon grinned and Kissed him quickly.

>
 Filly then stopped and mentally hit herself way did she do that. She was such a fool. Filly would have chosen that moment to run but she was still in Spots arms. "No fair." Spot said at last a slow smile spreading across his face. "That was gonna be my trick."

>

>

End
file.